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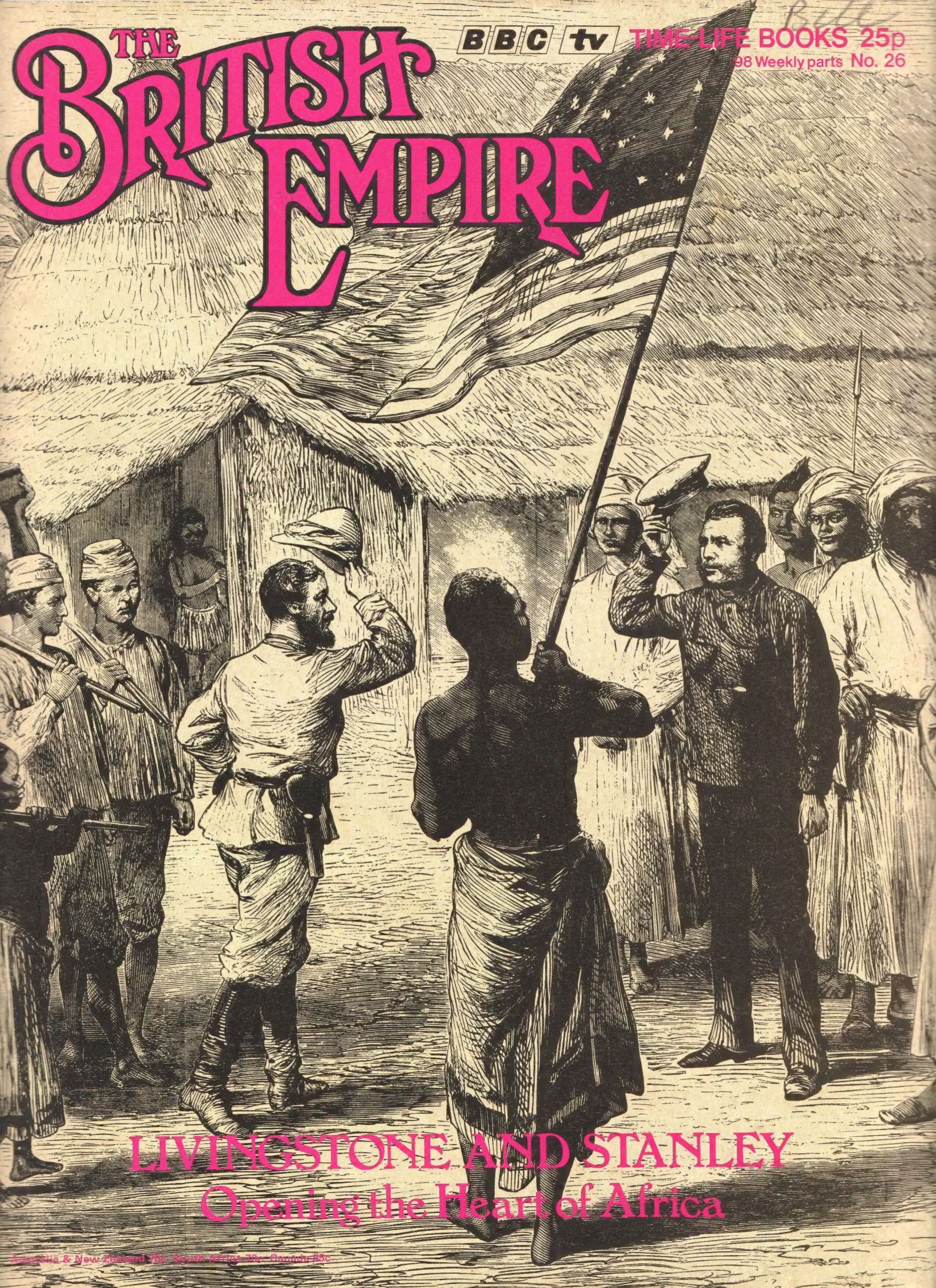

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY

Opening the Heart of Africa

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: (*l*=left; *r*=right; *t*=top; *b*=bottom). Cover: Mansell Collection. Inside back cover: National Maritime Museum, London. Trustees of the British Museum 703, 709*b*; *The Graphic* 714; *Illustrated London News* 724*bl*, 725*t*; John Johnson Collection, New Bodleian Library, Oxford 724*t*; London Missionary Society 702*r*; Mansell Collection 701, 710*tr*, 710*br*, 724/5*b*, 727; Alan Mitchell 726; Radio Times Hulton Picture Library 702*l*, 704, 711*b*, 722/3; Royal Geographical Society 707, 712/13; Charles T. Sawyer, Ltd. 717–721; Scottish National Memorial to David Livingstone Trust, Blantyre 705*r*. PHOTOGRAPHERS: Roynon Raikes 703; Eileen Tweedy 705*l*, 708–711*t*, 712–721, 724–727.

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Published by Time-Life/BBC.

Printed in England by Jarrold and Sons Ltd. Norwich.

BY THE WAY

Anyone who ventures to publish well-known history, however responsibly, does so at his own peril, for the slightest error can bring a storm of knowledgeable criticism down on his head. The technical expertise shown by some of our readers is indeed formidable. In an early issue, we offered a chart that showed the various campaign medals struck by Britain through the last two centuries. Though most readers were delighted with the chart, it drew this sharp comment from one reader, Mr. G. N. Fletcher of Newcastle:

"1. The title 'The Rewards of Gallantry' is in my view misleading: 'Rewards' is used as opposed to 'Awards,' and there is no gallantry medal shown.

"2. The Palestine 1945–48 and Near East Suez 1956 medals bearing the red and white ribbon were issued to Naval personnel only under the same conditions as the General Service Medal. Army personnel received a mauve-green-mauve ribbon.

"3. The Korean War 1950–53 Medal shown with a blue and white ribbon is not a British award. It was issued by the United Nations."

Several lynx-eyed readers noted that the Italy 1943–45 medal contained a brown centre stripe instead of a green one. The error, which also applies to the Pacific Star, crept in during engraving.

A more general point was raised by David Haines of Hambledon, who asked how Queen Victoria's portrait could appear on medals issued as long as 26 years before her birth. The answer recalls an interesting change in the awarding of decorations.

Well into the 19th Century, enlisted men were not eligible for campaign medals; they were awarded only to officers. Only in 1847 did Queen Victoria give her assent to a change in procedure. Thereafter, enlisted men received these marks of distinction; furthermore, campaign medals bearing the Queen's head were awarded retroactively to surviving veterans of a number of campaigns, and to descendants of men who would have been entitled to these medals.

All letters please to: **The British Empire, 76, Oxford Street, London W.1.**

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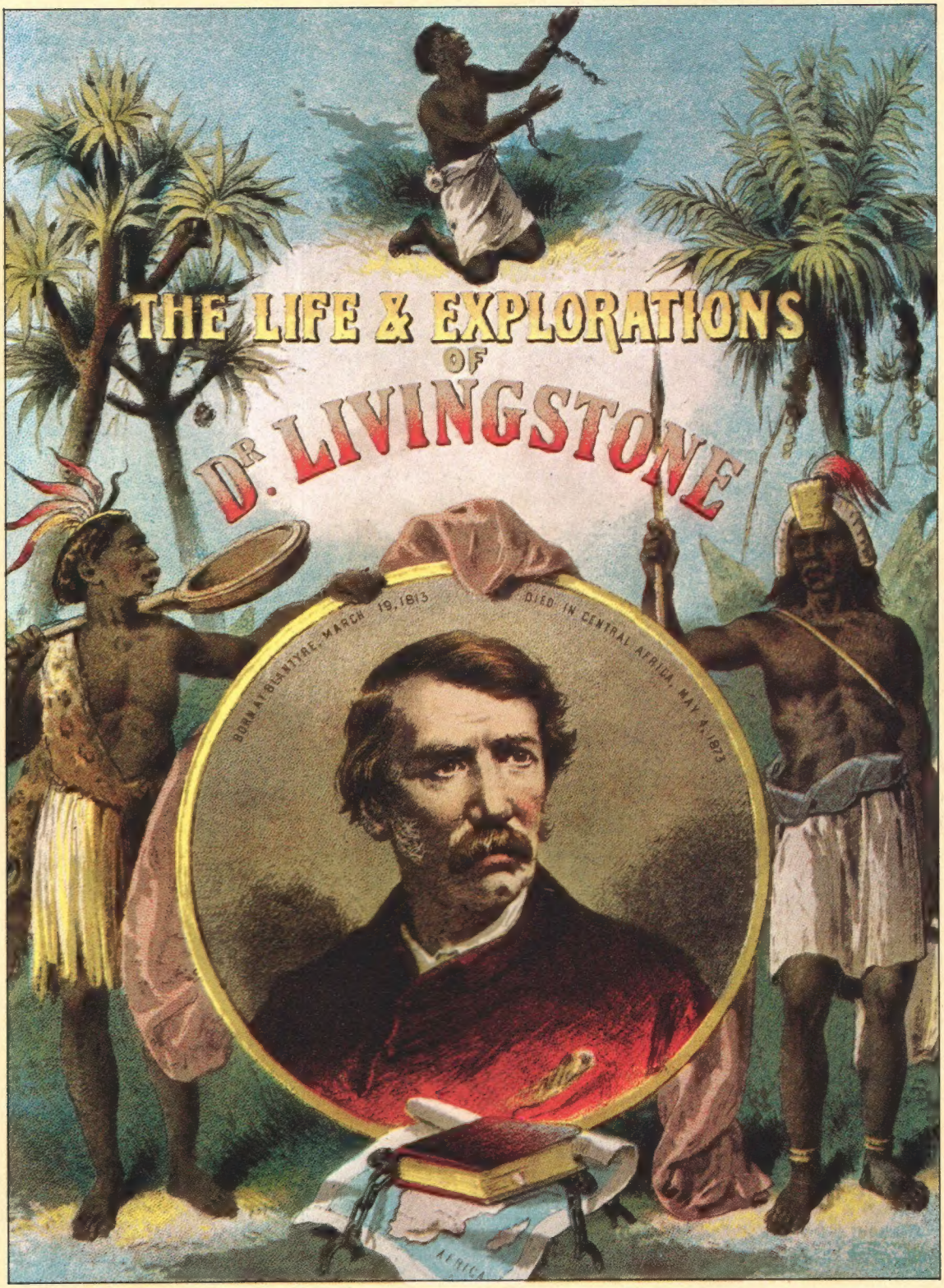
Cover: Henry Morton Stanley and Dr. David Livingstone doff their hats as Stanley utters his now-immortal phrase: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"



This frontispiece is from one of the many works about Livingstone; most of them drew on his own books.

To open Africa for Christ: this was the vision to which David Livingstone gave his life. His 30 years of work as missionary, explorer and anti-slaver aroused a reverent awe in Englishmen and Africans alike. When in 1868, on his last journey, all news of him ceased, fevered public anxiety about his fate led to the famous incident in which the journalist Henry Morton Stanley tracked down the disease-ridden explorer two years before his death in 1873. Thereafter, Stanley took upon himself Livingstone's mantle and set about completing the Doctor's explorations.

By Roy Lewis

In 1840 a group of earnest young men were living in the village of Ongar, Essex, to take instruction in theology (from the Rev. Richard Cecil) as probationaries of the London Missionary Society (L.M.S.). Among them was a young doctor, trained in Glasgow and London, who had been provisionally accepted to convert the heathen in China as soon as British guns had overcome that corrupt government's attempts to keep out opium grown in British India. David Livingston (a final "e" was added later) was the personification of the porridge-and-Bible-raised Scot, self-educated and self-reliant. Hesitant in manner, when drawn out he radiated a strange and compelling charm. One felt a steel in his nature, which could be put down to ambition and egotism, but which went with a startling power of concentration and endurance – as his fellow students saw when he walked to London and back in a day, a distance of 50 miles, attending medically at a road accident en route. And, though devout, he also possessed a pawky Scots humour.

Young Livingstone was in Exeter Hall when Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, the son of the great campaigner against slavery, inaugurated an expedition to the River Niger. Africa had special significance for the British: it was a permanent reminder of Britain's role in the abolition of the West coast slave-trade. But abolition was not total: though Britain had used her supremacy at sea to compel the reluctant Europeans to abjure the trade officially, and though the Royal Navy seized slave-ships on the high seas, the human cargoes continued to be smuggled out to Brazil and to the American slave states. Wilberforce had discovered that the trade was growing. A new crusade must be called.

A new prophylactic had been found – the introduction into the African hinterland of Christian commerce, which would replace the human merchandise. And a new instrument to cheat disease had been found, too – steam-power. Three steamers would sail up the Niger, too swiftly for malaria to strike, too heavily gunned for the black slavers to oppose, and inaugurate a new commercial era. This, the Manchester formula for replacing the trade in human flesh by the trade in cottons, sank into Livingstone's consciousness, and later governed his whole life.

The Niger expedition was a failure; the white men died as fast on the steamers as on land, and of those who survived, many were so ill that they became incapable of self-defence and almost of navigation. By then, in 1841, Livingstone was working for the LMS – at £75 a year – in Kuruman, farther north from the South Africa coast than any missionary had been before. He had travelled there in a Cape wagon, revelling in the new experience which he called a prolonged system of picnicking, "excellent for the health, and agreeable to those who are not fastidious over trifles" – as he never was.

Not only did he master the art of wagon travel; he put to immediate use the navigation that he had assiduously learned from the profane but sterling Scots captain of the ship that brought him to the Cape. He always knew where he was and began to keep the detailed journals which are his monument.

The quarrels of the missionary "brethren" in South Africa disgusted him. He thought them soft, and up-country he found too many denominations chasing too few black converts. From the first he wanted to be away from them, ahead of them. He had been sent to Kuruman as a temporary replacement for the resident missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, who was

David Livingstone was born in Shuttle Row, Blantyre, in the house pictured at centre left. At 14 he started work in a local mill; by 24 (above) he was a medical missionary.

away on leave. But now, without waiting for Dr. Moffat to return, Livingstone pushed north to set up a station on the frontier of the newly established Boer colony of Transvaal.

He was soon as disgusted with the Boers as he had been with his missionary companions. He was also at odds with the Society over his policy of training black clergy to be left behind to do the routine conversions and pastoral ministration, while the pioneer missionary, like St. Augustine, forged farther and farther into the bowels of Africa.

To everybody but Livingstone it was an uninviting prospect – desert without end. In 1841 almost nothing was known to white men of the interior of Africa – and little to black men either, for notwithstanding the vast migrations stirred up by Boer and Zulu aggression and expansion, most tribes were localized, innocent of geographical sense beyond the lie of their hunting-grounds or pasturage. The Portuguese had moved up the Zambezi Valley only a few hundred miles, even in their heyday of vigour; they had gone even less far from Luanda on the west.

It was assumed, even against the fragmentary evidence, that the central plateau was an extension of the Kalahari Desert, perhaps meeting the Sahara somewhere. The sources of the great rivers, the Nile, Congo or Zaire, Zambezi and Niger, were unknown. Endless desert meant an endless dearth of converts. But Livingstone was intrigued by a report that beyond the desert was a freshwater lake, Ngami, no man had ever seen, where there might accordingly be a populous place to be won for the Gospel.

It took him six years to reach it, building first one mission then another, wrestling with the desert, the drought, and what he came to feel was the creeping desiccation of Africa. As he probed north, to Modotse, Chonuane, Kolobeng, he perfected an art of exploration all his own. He was not the first missionary to see the need to master local languages, but he set about it with unusual zeal, working out his own grammatical analyses. Towards the Africans his approach was wholly original – anthropological rather than missionary. He studied customs dispassionately and he thought of each black man or woman as an individual. He lived his own life, "the imitation of Christ," as an exemplar; but he did not condemn wholesale the ways of the tribes, as even the liberal and sympathetic Moffat did at Kuruman. Livingstone sought the causes of the inconsistencies; the contrast of cruelty and consideration in African behaviour set him thinking.

He felt at home with the African personality, and his ascendancy was the result of his own will as a person, not as a white man simply. He did not threaten, belabour or bluster when Africans opposed him. He argued patiently and doggedly in their own tongue, employing their own proverbial lore. He could not always manage them; but he seems always to have retained their respect.

A clue to that respect may be found in his approach to the members of the African medical profession – those that other white men dismissed as witch-doctors. With them he observed the same medical etiquette as he would have done in Harley Street. He soon found that his own skill brought him a large African practice, for the blacks were subject to a great range of diseases known in Europe; yet he avoided taking a local doctor's patients. He waited to be consulted.

Livingstone respected African lore. He studied local crafts. He asked the uses of every plant, finding 40 edible roots and

Livingstone made his first African trip in 1841, in an ox-drawn Cape wagon like this, of which he wrote: "A very comfortable affair indeed."

30 fruits in the Kalahari, where he lived on *tsama* melons which kept the Bushmen alive. Those who followed grumbled that he had described everything. He studied fossils, geology and, above all, geography and hydrology. And throughout he kept precise records in notebooks later transcribed into journals. He saw the scene as one interconnected whole – in modern words, as an ecosystem. Above all, armed with his sextant, compass, chronometers and nautical almanack, he accurately reckoned his longitude and latitude.

These tasks filled his days, developing in him the ability to move with the assurance of an African but with the science and resource of all European civilization behind him. He told the directors of the LMS he was prepared to go anywhere for them, provided it was forward.

In 1843 Livingstone thought he should do his duty as a missionary and marry, and considered advertising for a wife. But when he returned to Kuruman and finally met the Moffats he decided to marry their daughter Mary instead. "If he had foreseen the very extraordinary work to which he was called, he might have come to a different conclusion," remarked his Victorian biographer, Blaikie, defensively, for Livingstone's inclusion of his wife in his gruelling expeditions and his separation from his family over the years drew much criticism. Though his first love-letter urged his intended to "let your affection towards Him be much more than towards me," Livingstone later insisted that he had loved her before he married and increasingly afterwards, and there is no record that she felt ill-treated.

She was, after all, to be the wife of a great man. As a missionary's daughter she knew that hardship, even martyrdom, was her lot. She was thin as a lath when he took her to Mabotsa, and she settled down to infant-school teaching and to the production of five babies in about as many years. She moved with him from station to station, and finally took the family exploring with him.

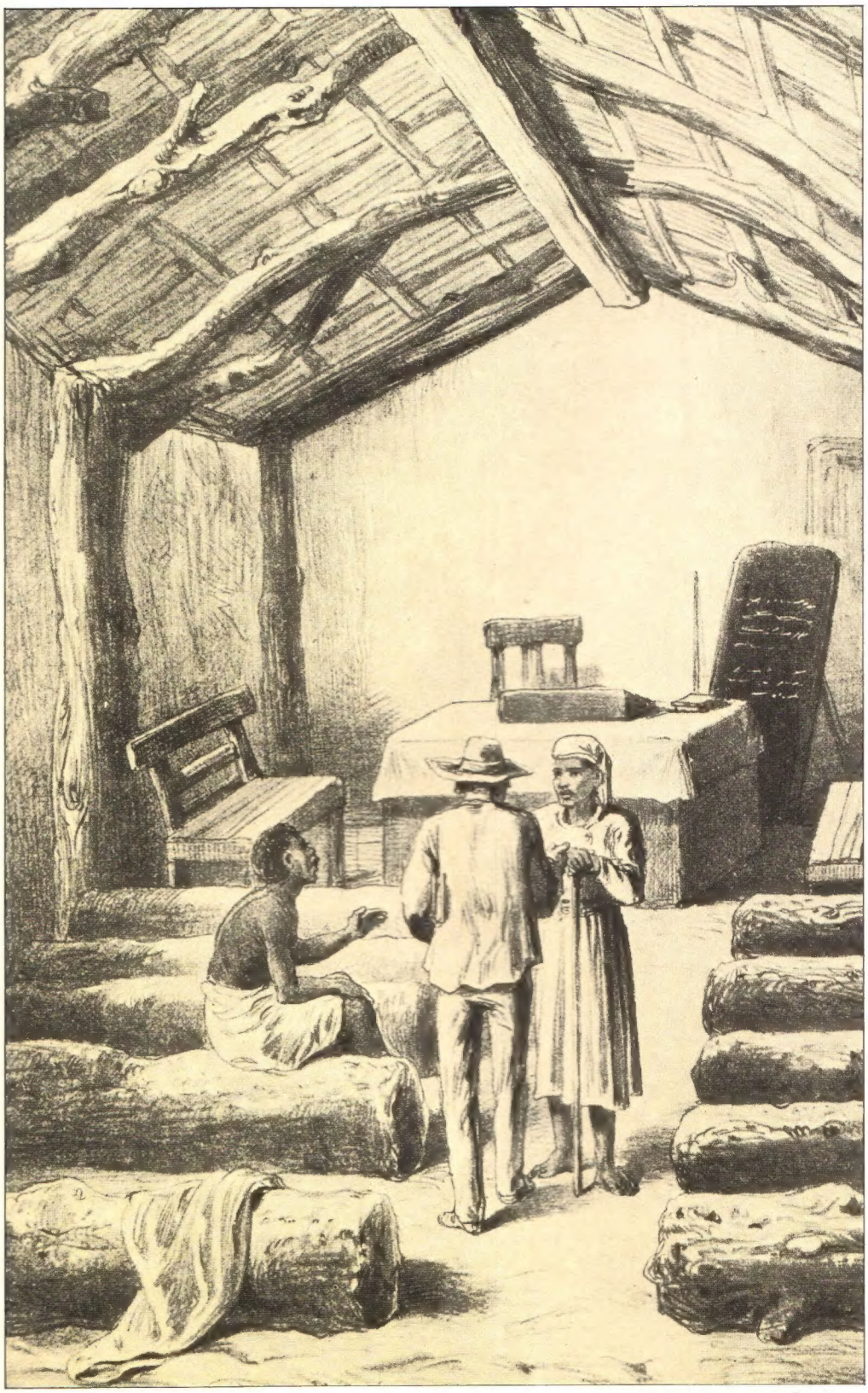
In 1844, Livingstone received "with feelings of irrepressible delight" the Directors' permission to prospect for a better mission site. He set out with traders and hunters, the first white expedition to cross the Kalahari, and finally discovered Lake Ngami. The Royal Geographical Society awarded him £25 – "they missed a cypher out," he jested. Politically and geographically it proved a decisive breakthrough, for it revealed beyond the desert a huge area of well-watered country.

While he was away, his wife had found life at the mission station impossible. Drought made it untenable for long periods. The Boers were incensed at Livingstone's intention to educate a cadre of native teachers and his reprobation of their custom of kidnapping African children for domestic slavery. They alleged he was arming the natives and ultimately they attacked the mission, taking special care to destroy Livingstone's records, books and scientific instruments. Knowing the Boers' intentions, he had little alternative but to make his wife and children explorers.

The following year, therefore, he brought the family to Ngami; the children nearly died of thirst on the way; in the swamps their eyes were covered with

The seemingly magic power of this sextant, used by Livingstone in Africa, amazed the natives. One said that it enabled the Doctor "to take the sun down from the heavens and place it under his arm."

Seated in this ingenious folding chair, with its built-in desk, Livingstone would relax at day's end and write up his journal. This neat, compact device provided needed comfort amidst jungle surroundings.



This simple wooden church, with tree-trunks for pews, was the heart of Dr. Robert Moffat's mission at Kuruman, near the Kalahari Desert, Livingstone's first post.

flies and not a square inch of their skin was without an insect bite – but they survived. Livingstone, however, now encountered his greatest enemies: the anopheles mosquito, which carries malaria, and the tse-tse fly which carries the cattle-sickness that makes it almost impossible to use animal transport in the middle belt of Africa. Tse-tse was only recognized and described in 1848. Livingstone, his family feverish and shaking round him, resolved to discover the cause of malaria, and over the years wrote much about it and its treatment, but demonstrated no more than that a tough constitution could survive repeated bouts of it with the aid of quinine.

At Ngami, he heard of far richer country, far finer rivers, and a great people, the Makololo, to the north. Ngami was too unhealthy for a mission. They all returned to Kolobeng where he had worked earlier. Mary, desperately sick, lost her fifth baby there, and was sent to recover with her parents who were stunned when they saw the sad condition of their daughter and her children.

Livingstone returned to Ngami and finally, with the help of a hunter, got through to the Makololo country, ruled over by the good Sebituane: "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met." And there he found the river – the Zambezi – that suggested to him that there was a highway into a great, new, unknown, prosperous Africa – where a mission and a colony could be planted.

But the family could not accompany him in the ardours of exploring it; nor could they stay on the edge of the desert

Mary Moffat, eldest daughter of Dr. Moffat, married Livingstone in 1844 and shared the hardships of his mission life.

where Boer commandos were thirsting for missionary blood. Livingstone made his way back to his family and told them they must go back to Scotland and live on charity. When the children asked why they could not return to the only life they knew, he answered "The mark of Cain is on your foreheads; your father is a missionary." He meant that he was a man with a self-imposed mission. He wrote that their loss was like tearing his bowels out; but another note seems nearer the truth: "I did not play with my little ones when I had them, and they soon sprung up in my absences and left me conscious I had none to play with."

For them henceforth he was a rare stranger, awesomely famous, who now and then sent them letters, affectionate but pious, from the "dark Interior" that enveloped him.

By May, 1853, Livingstone was back among the Makololo at their city, Linyanti. His friend, Sebituane, died of pneumonia, which Livingstone dared not treat lest he be blamed for the Chief's death. The new King, however, went with Livingstone to explore until the Zambezi rapids turned him back. But Livingstone was undeterred. There just *had* to be a way into this great new African world for Christianity and commerce, if only by native jungle-paths. With a troop of Makololo attendants, Livingstone started westwards again, on ox-back, for Luanda on the West coast.

It was a journey of 1,000 miles, first by canoe and portage, then by land through tribes that became increasingly exacting in the tolls they charged, and increasingly hostile as Livingstone encountered the evidence of a widespreading slave-trade extending from Luanda. The trade goods – wire, cloth and beads – that Livingstone had brought up by wagon from the Cape, ran out, so that the Makololo had to surrender their copper bangles, and Livingstone his spare clothes and the oxen. Chiefs demanded his rifles, and then his men as slaves. On several occasions he had to threaten to shoot. Once he quelled a mutiny among his own men by threatening to go on alone, leaving them to get back without him. They were frequently starving or reduced to cassava mush for food. Worst of all, he went down repeatedly with malaria and dysentery, spending days and weeks incapacitated in village huts or in his tiny tent.

In his *Missionary Travels* he makes light of these difficulties, treating them almost as amusing mishaps on an invigorating excursion through a veritable Arcadia. It was not bravado. Livingstone was determined to prove white men could travel through Africa. Native hostility, he believed, would pass away when legitimate commerce opened the roads and slaving had become unprofitable. He dwelt upon the fact that he was supposedly the first white man the tribesmen had ever seen, which accounted for the fears of some, and for the hospitality of others, and he argued that other white men could follow in his path more easily.

However, Livingstone never refers to one white man who had visited the region at much the same time. This was Laszlo Magyar, a Hungarian who had married an African, the Princess of Bihé, and who in 1853 was in Linvanti, an area Livingstone claimed to have pioneered. In 1859 Livingstone denied hearing of him. The role that Magyar played or did not play in exploring this part of Africa has never been fully investigated, so the question of Livingstone's knowledge of Magyar remains unclear. But later on Livingstone repeatedly demonstrated that while he expected others to follow him, he disliked the claims of any to have preceded him.

Livingstone staggered into Portuguese Angola at the River Cuango. He was at first warmly received by the Portuguese, his future enemies, and then spent weeks in bed in the house of Edward Gabriel, the British Slavery Commissioner, recovering from total prostration.

When he had recovered, he decided, to the amazement of the Portuguese and of his British host, to march back to Linyanti, and thence attempt to reach Quelimane on the East coast, about 2,000 miles away. His Makololo, he said with truth, could not get home without him. But what weighed as much with Livingstone was that he had not found a really practicable highway to the interior. The idea that the Zambezi provided a way downstream to the East still possessed him.

Meanwhile, he sent his journals and maps to England. They were lost at sea. He rewrote them, then vanished into the jungle on March 1, 1855.

On the journey back to Linyanti, he went down with rheumatic fever as well as malaria. But once again he went on, and when he reached Linyanti he became the first European to visit "the smoke that thunders" – the great natural phenomenon that he revealed to the Victorian world as the "Victoria Falls." Their discovery symbolized the opening up of the whole of Central Africa to Europe.

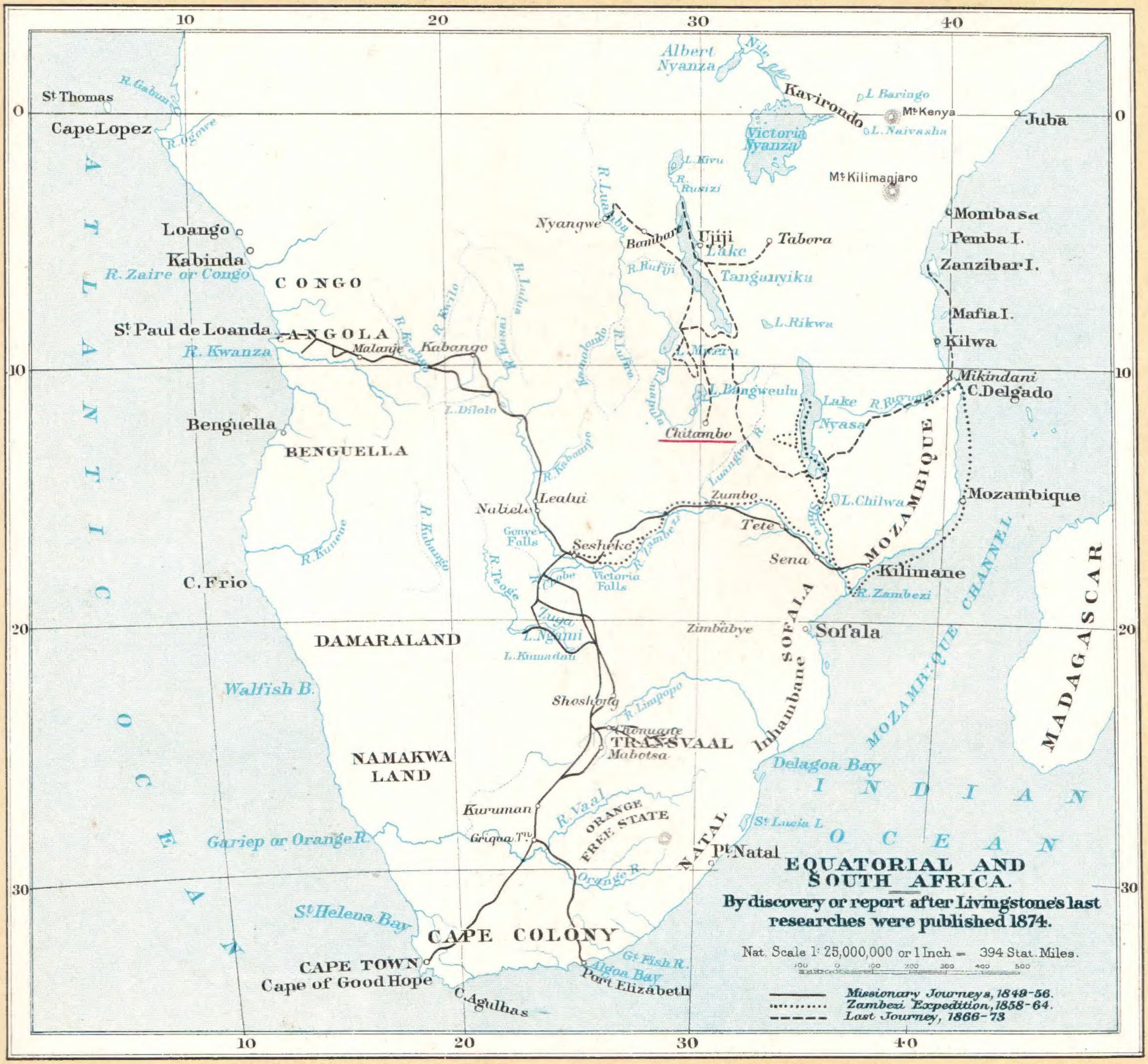
At Linyanti he was refreshed by supplies sent up by wagon through the desert by his father-in-law, Dr. Moffat. Then, with a new Makololo team, he started downstream on the Zambezi, mapping every mile of the route, exultation in his heart as the great river went on and on, picking up its tributaries, towards the sea. The going through the mountains was hard, and since war raged between slaving-tribes, he made the natural, but fatal, detour on the western bank. Thus he was utterly ignorant of the impassable rock-strewn Quebrabasa Rapids.

When he finally marched into Portuguese territory at Tete, he had completed the *traversa*, the crossing of Central Africa, which had only once been done before (by two half-caste traders) and was not done again until 1879. An Englishman had thus achieved what the Portuguese needed to do to lay the foundations for their claim to "own" the whole middle belt of tropical Africa from sea to sea.

Livingstone was swift to emphasize the real importance of his feat. He wrote home: "I have been able to follow up my original plan of opening a way to the sea on either the East or West coast of Africa from a healthy locality in the Interior of the continent. . . . By this fine river flowing through a fine fertile country we have water conveyance to within 1° or 2° of the Makololo, the only impediments I know being one or two rapids (not cataracts) and robbers." It was an over-optimistic assumption.

At Tete he met a Senhor Candido who told him of his visit to a great lake to the north, connected with the Zambezi by the Shire River. Livingstone asked him to draw a map in his notebook, and Senhor Candido obliged. Livingstone wrote warmly of him at that stage, and was to remember his information later ✍

MOMENTOUS MEETING, FRUITLESS SEARCH



This map traces Livingstone's epochal explorations. The little settlement of Chief Chitambo, where Livingstone died, is underlined in red.

For five years after his return in 1866, Dr. Livingstone wandered throughout Central Africa, determined to discover the source of the Nile. The expedition was a disaster. He was ill, despairing and "a ruckle of bones" when he staggered into Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika in 1871. But Henry Morton Stanley was even then marching up to the lake. The meeting that followed thrilled the world and cheered the two years that were left to Livingstone.

The Great Encounter

Livingstone struck out confidently on his last exploration, sure that the country south of Lake Tanganyika contained the answer to the mystery of the source of the Nile. In the five years that followed, he lost his medicine-chest and nearly all his men and animals before limping into Ujiji utterly destitute.

It had been two years since England had heard from him, and many people thought he was dead. Not so Henry Morton Stanley, a young Welsh-born, American reporter dispatched by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., Editor of the *New York Herald*, to find the explorer. On November 10, 1871, preceded by the American flag, Stanley entered Ujiji at the head of a large caravan.

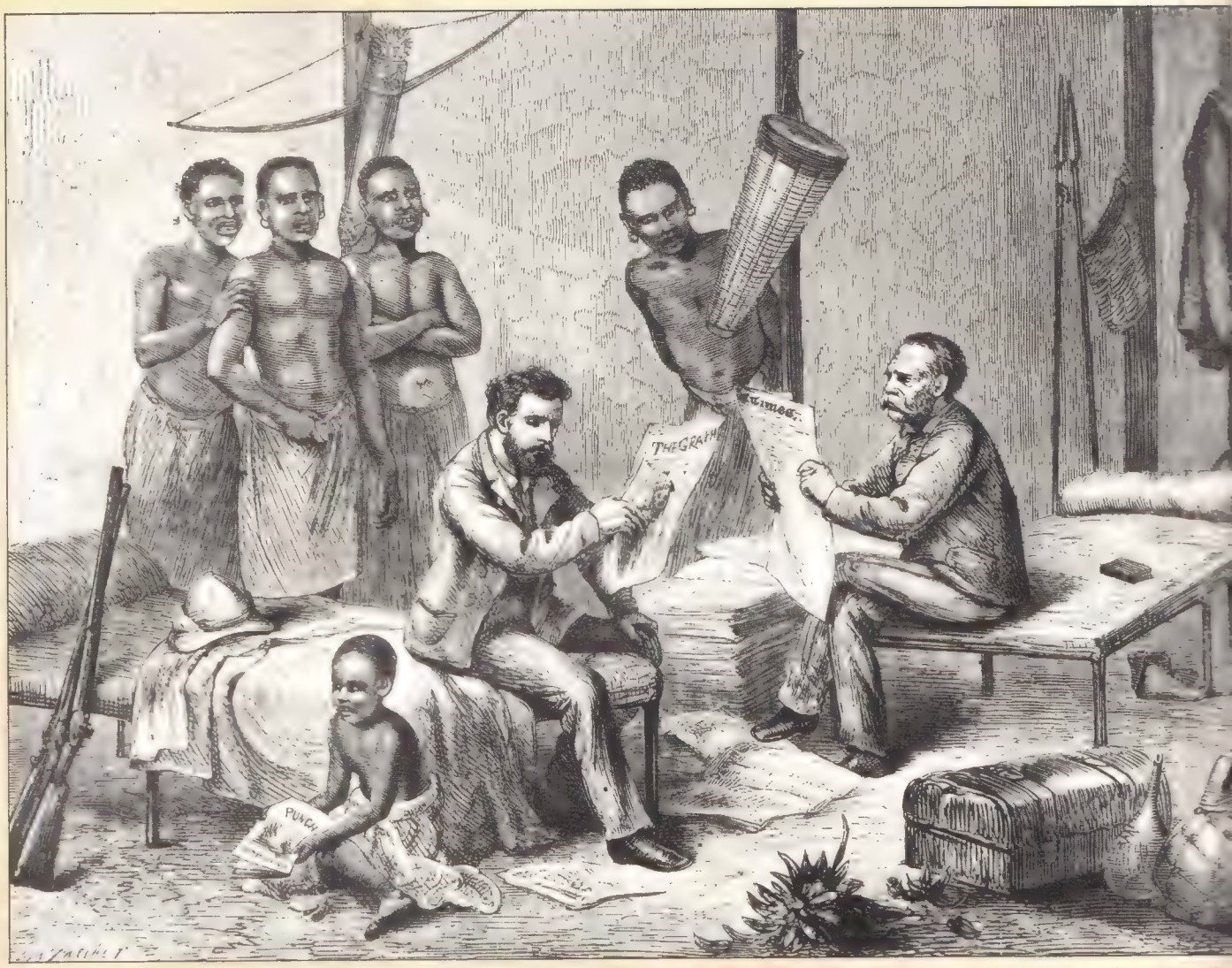
In his book, Stanley wrote of the most famous encounter in African history:

"I would have run to him . . . would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing, walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said 'Doctor Livingstone, I presume.'"

The 30-year-old journalist and the 58-year-old explorer were poles apart in personality – the simple old Scot, one of the most famous men alive, utterly resolute in his lonely, self-appointed task; and the flashy young Anglo-American journalist block-busting his way through Africa in search of fame. Yet they got on well. Stanley was awed by Livingstone's saintliness: "In him there is no guile," he wrote, "his gentleness never forsakes him." The two men spent the next four months together in harmony. Stanley's ample supplies – which included a bath-tub and a Persian carpet – helped Livingstone to regain his health and strength.

The oddly assorted pair explored Lake Tanganyika and Stanley tried to persuade Livingstone to return to England. But Livingstone refused to abandon his search. Stanley sadly said goodbye, leaving a great load of supplies and the tin bath, and Livingstone pressed on into the African bush.

Under the Stars and Stripes, Henry Morton Stanley (right) shakes hands with Dr. Livingstone in a meeting that made world-shaking news when it became known.



Stanley and Livingstone read the months-old newspapers sent to Stanley from the coast, while a young African marvels at *Punch*.

LIVINGSTONE.

Herald Special from Central Africa.

FINDING THE GREAT EXPLORER.

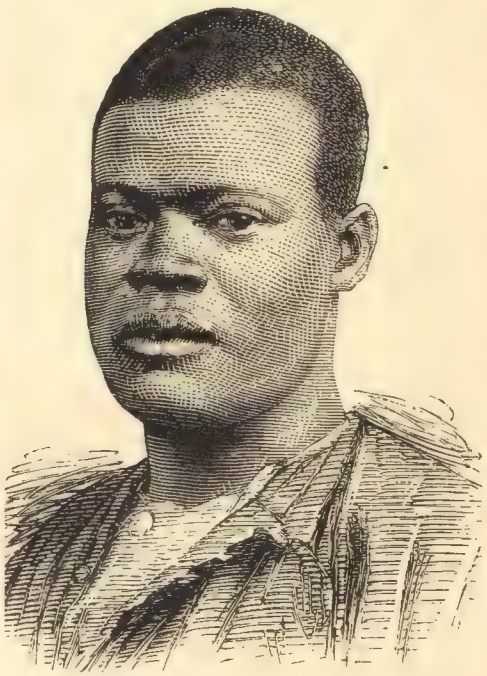
Exciting History of the Successful Herald Expedition.

Perils and Losses by Sickness, Hostile Tribes and Jungle Disaster.

It took six months for Stanley's news to reach the *New York Herald*. But then the paper gave the greatest scoop of the century what were then banner headlines.

Supported by two faithful servants, David Livingstone stumbles into the little hut of reeds and earth which was to be his last lodging.

Susi, who so astonished Stanley at his meeting with Livingstone by greeting him with "Good morning, sir," travelled in Livingstone's service for ten years.



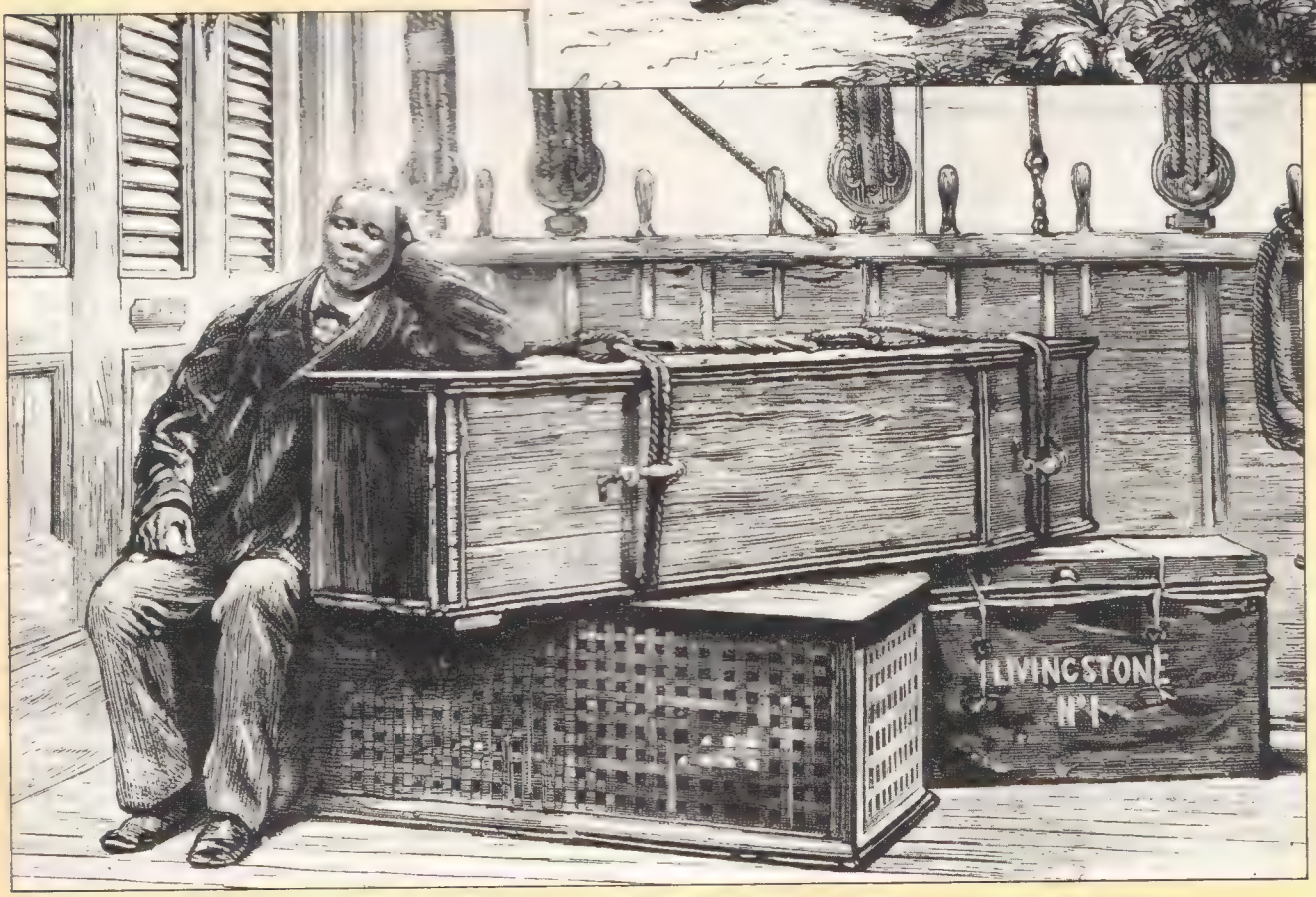
Chuma, rescued by Livingstone from a slave-train when he was a small boy, carried the news of his master's death out to the coast in advance of the funeral procession.

The Last Journey

Still searching desperately for the "four fountains of the Nile," Livingstone grew weaker until he had to be carried in a wooden litter covered with grass. In April, 1873, at the village of Chief Chitambo, to the east of Lake Bangweulu, Livingstone's servants built him a hut of branches, reeds, grass and earth. He scrawled in his diary: "Knocked up quite." It was his last entry. As they later recounted, on May 1, Chuma and Susi, Livingstone's favourite companions, went into the hut and "saw Doctor fallen forward as if in the act of praying before cock-crow. They felt his cheeks and found him dead."

His servants determined to take the corpse back to the coast. The body was dried in the sun for a fortnight, then, with great care, wrapped in calico and fitted into a cylinder of bark. Sailcloth was wound round this, the package was lashed to a pole, and the natives at last were ready to carry the precious bundle to the coast on its last journey.

Having buried Livingstone's heart beneath a tree, his native followers bound up his body and carried it to the coast in a five-month-long mournful journey of love.



Livingstone's body, in a metal coffin, was guarded by one of his servants on the voyage to Westminster Abbey.

II. A Shattered Dream

Livingstone returned to a hero's welcome in England, but he nursed a grievance. The Directors of the L.M.S. had warned that they were restricted in their power to finance exploration that had only a remote bearing on missionary work. This he considered to flout the Almighty's clear intent for him which he felt compelled to pursue. So he decided to resign, though the action left him "poorer than I was 16 years ago." The break proved to be painless, for all Britain flocked to honour him and to finance his large-scale expedition to open up his highway into the African interior.

His reception in England was such, his father-in-law Moffat wrote, as to make "a score of light heads dizzy." From the Queen and Prince Consort downwards, everyone wanted to see and hear him. In 1857, outshining even the news of the Indian Mutiny, Livingstone had achieved something that in his age can only be compared with the first moon walk by the astronauts. His demeanour was modest, his message exhilarating, his devotion only matched by his courage; he was a respectably married paterfamilias: he was an ideal Victorian hero. *Missionary Travels*, the full story of his discoveries, was written within ten months and became the season's best-seller.

This book drove home a message aimed at two contrasting audiences: the businessmen interested in profits and the ardent young Churchmen longing for a medieval crusade in a materialist world. He told the businessmen that British enterprise had only to reach out to possess vast untapped markets and mineral wealth in Africa. Hard-headed men were carried away by the missionary who spoke in scientific terms of the cotton he had found growing, of the seams of coal, the iron. Cotton, Coal, Iron – the three pillars on which Britain was built! Businessmen were soon dreaming of the fleets of steamers chugging up the Zambezi laden with bales of cloth, and chugging down with bales of raw cotton.

To his university audience he outlined the beckoning new field of apostolic work, which, in alliance with the profit motive, would uproot the slave-trade. In a peroration echoed everywhere, he implored the packed Senate House in Cambridge: "I beg to direct your attention to Africa: I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity: do you carry out the work I have begun," he thundered. *"I leave it with you."*

The results were gratifying. Plans were set afoot to establish a universities' mission to Africa: to send forth Britain's best, bravest and holiest young men to wherever the Doctor should direct. At the same time the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, side-stepping Parliamentary questions and bludgeoning the Treasury, advanced money for an expedition which appealed to his abolitionist principles and to his patriotism. At the Admiralty, an officer began designing steamers.

Missionary Travels was compulsive reading: it made everything seem so astonishingly simple that one might wonder why the Portuguese never got beyond Tete – especially as the Doctor said that there was no risk of fever once one had got beyond the swampy river-mouth. Robert

Moffat threw the book aside, calling it "a pack of lies." Others, fever-ridden in Africa, would do the same later.

The Zambezi expedition failed in its objectives as totally as the Niger expedition of 1840 before it. But disillusion took five years, from 1858 through 1862, instead of five months to set in, and it had significant if unlooked-for consequences. Livingstone by himself could have made the journey and discover that the Quebrabasa Rapids and gorge made nonsense of his prospectus. But in insisting that the expedition be limited to a team of six, one steamer and a limited expenditure, he was perhaps prompted by some foreboding. It certainly suggests that he knew that his power to lead and to inspire white men, as opposed to black men, was limited.

The personal quarrels, recrimination and bitterness that disfigured Livingstone's greatest venture have been partly attributed to his selection of a team. It looked well chosen at the time. Livingstone could not know that Norman Bedingfield, the commander, had a poor naval record. One member, John Kirk, later showed as Consul in Zanzibar the indomitable qualities in diplomacy that he showed in exploration – although the qualities seemed invisible to Livingstone. Thomas Baines, the official artist, knew Africa. Rae, the engineer, kept an ill-designed steamer, the *Ma Robert*, going for three years. Thornton, the geologist, unjustly dismissed by the Doctor for "laziness," proved his worth later.

The main trouble came from the brothers Livingstone. For David had asked his brother Charles to join the group. And Charles tried to cover his own incompetence by slandering and denigrating the others. Livingstone, unfortunately, believed him against all evidence. Mrs. Livingstone might have saved the situation; but, ill and pregnant again, she had to be left at the Cape.

The obverse of all Livingstone's virtues rose to the surface in the hot, smelly, verminous cabin of the asthmatic steamer *Ma Robert*. He became carping, vacillating, suspicious, ungenerous, unforgiving. He gave no encouragement to his team, no credit, no explanations – and rounded on them for malingering and even for dishonesty. Livingstone always had to have his own way.

He was wrong about the steamer – it was underpowered and flimsy. He blamed Bedingfield. He was wrong about the river: it was fever-ridden all the way. They were all ill from the first as they toiled to bring stores up to Tete for the river-passage. But Livingstone never stopped blaming them for their softness. At Quebrabasa Livingstone's disastrous assumptions were revealed. The falls were impassable by the *Ma Robert*.

Livingstone and Kirk went forward on foot and the latter noted that "The doctor changed his appearance completely from the first time he saw the rocks." He spoke desperately of dynamiting a way through; he claimed that "a steamer of light draught" could get through in flood-tide; but his sense of guilt and failure may be gauged from his cry "the honours heaped on me were not of my seeking."

Then suddenly he seems to have remembered Senhor Candido, and decided to explore up the Shire River. There the expedition found a fertile populous land, into which a tribe of slaves, the Yao,

Livingstone (opposite) leads his 1858 trek along the dried-out bed of the Zambezi River, in this scene painted by Thomas Baines who took part in the journey. The detail above shows Baines stooping to collect rock specimens, as the others, including Livingstone's brother Charles (under an umbrella) move on.

Fresh supplies arrive by boat at Livingstone's base camp in the Zambezi Delta. From here, between 1858 and 1863, he explored and mapped the tributaries of the Zambezi and Lake Nyasa.

were already breaking; but again cataracts held up the *Ma Robert*. Livingstone pertinaciously brought up supplies and went forward overland, discovering Lake Shirwa – the lake that Livingstone soon declared was all that Candido had seen. For there he heard of the mighty "Lake of Stars" beyond it, and determined to win it for himself. On the next stage of the journey upriver the Livingstone brothers, Kirk and the Makololo porters broke through and discovered Lake Nyasa – something at last to justify the Zambezi expedition. Livingstone returned to the men he had left behind at Kongoni well satisfied with himself.

He sacked two members of the expedition, Baines and Thornton, sent the great news home, and with the rest set off by foot from Tete to lead the Makololo back to their own country and to revisit the Victoria Falls. On the way back, Livingstone decided to try to shoot the rapids. They were nearly drowned. Kirk lost all his scientific records and the book he had been preparing.

While Livingstone was revisiting the Makololo, preparations (inspired by his reports which had arrived in England) to follow up his discovery of Lake Nyasa had been hurried forward by the government and the universities at home – indeed on a scale that startled Livingstone after the Quebrabasa débâcle. The government sent out a new steamer, the *Pioneer*, to replace the *Ma Robert*. Another steamer was on the way, built in sections to Livingstone's own specification so that it could be dismantled and carried round the cataracts and launched on the lake (one gunboat on the lake, he declared, would end the slaving). Further, a party of missionaries under Bishop C. F. Mackenzie assembled at Kongoni to commence the Christian colonization of the Upper Shire.

Unfortunately, the Yao slavers did not see it that way. And the Manganja, the Yao's prey, boasted that they now had invincible white warriors to defend them. The result was a clash in which Livingstone faced the Yao, rifle in hand and put them to flight. Subsequently, Bishop Mackenzie also became their champion against the slavers.

Livingstone and Kirk, having explored and mapped Lake Nyasa, returned to Kongoni, where they found extensive clerical reinforcements, vast quantities of stores, and Mrs. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie's sister ready to sail up to Magomero, the new settlement on the Shire. Unhappily, by the time they reached Magomero, in unwontedly high spirits, regaled on wines, canned delicacies, and Livingstone's gaiety in the company of his wife, they found the Bishop dead of malaria.

Mrs. Livingstone died soon after. Livingstone made a last effort to put a British steamer on Lake Nyasa, but before the *Lady Nyassa* could be dismantled to enable it to be carried to the lake, he received his letters of recall from London. His team had, in truth, disintegrated, its physical stamina and morale exhausted. Not so Livingstone's. Leaving them to return, he went on foot back to the lake, and climbed the mountains which (in belated recognition) he named after Kirk, and looked down on the vast plains of Central Africa where lay the swamps later to claim his life.

Then he returned to start his homeward journey – but not directly. The *Lady Nyassa* was his, paid for from his

royalties; and to save her from becoming a Portuguese slave-ship, he sailed her himself, as skipper, across the Indian Ocean in bad weather to Bombay. Then, he took passage to London.

If the government thought that the expedition had failed, the public did not. Livingstone's exploits, despite rumours of dissensions and scandals, had made him more of a popular hero than ever. Once again, sitting down to write the story of the Zambezi adventure, he played down all the miscalculations and tragedies, and wrote a tale of stirring effort in the face of great but surmountable obstacles.

He could not conceal that the mission had failed to achieve its prime objectives; and as he was not ready to accept the blame himself, a villain had to be found. He found the adversary in the rotted and decadent Portuguese; his book, *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi,* is a systematic condemnation of the Portuguese for the slave-trade. The Portuguese hirelings, the Yao and other tribesfolk, had desolated and profaned a fair province on a scale that the English expedition was too small to check. Moreover, the Portuguese had used the expedition's maps to claim territory they dared not explore. Even Senhor Candido's claims to have discovered the lake were rather cavalierly dismissed.

This view was grossly one-sided. Livingstone ignored the sins of the French, who bought indentured labour, and underestimated the role of the Arabs, who had, in fact, been slaving off the east coast for 600 years or more. In 1840 the Sultan of Muscat had moved his headquarters to Zanzibar where, with the aid of better firearms, he put new vigour into the slave-trade from East Africa. Livingstone was soon to learn the full and terrible truth of the real situation.

His government would do no more; it was evident that the attempt to stiffen the treaties and get the Sultan to end the slave-trade would be prolonged. What was Livingstone to do next? He was in fact determined to sell his *Lady Nyassa* and with the proceeds go back to Africa alone and unhampered by gutless white men ("Bedingfield and Co.") and repeat the triumphs of the *traversa* by his previous methods. Sir Roderick Murchison and the Royal Geographical Society opportunely proposed in 1865 that he should explore the watershed between Lake Nyasa and the west and ascertain how the great lakes were fed with water. Livingstone agreed, though he insisted that he would return to Africa as both a missionary and explorer.

"If I can get a few hearty native companions," Livingstone wrote, 'I shall enjoy myself and feel I am doing my duty." But he collected an extraordinarily miscellaneous entourage of Indian sepoys and former slaves. He had camels, buffaloes and donkeys that were to be tested for resistance to tse-tse. Preparations were perfunctory. The Sultan gave him a letter, Kirk, who had been appointed Surgeon and Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, was to send up supplies to Livingstone by caravan.

Livingstone proved as incapable of leading this mixed team as he had the British. Instead, it often led him. The natives were mutinous, cruel and cowardly. Their neglect soon killed off the animals. The ex-slaves deserted and reported that Livingstone had been killed (which prompted plans for a search-party). The Indians deserted also, and soon Livingstone was reduced to a handful of "hearty native companions" together with porters hired by the way. In 1867 he lost his medicines, and he felt he then received his sentence of death.

Livingstone marched with his unsatisfactory and dwindling caravan to

An outnumbered British patrol engages an Arab dhow crammed with slaves, one of many such incidents in the struggle to end the trade in humans that Livingstone hated.

Lake Nyasa, through and over the Shire Highlands, and down into the Valley of Luangwa where he declared: "I shall make this beautiful land better known." Then he went on to discover Lake Bangweulu and Lake Mweru, and after nearly three years, almost exhausted, arrived at Ujiji, the great Arab slave-centre, on Lake Tanganyika.

By then he had become dependent on the Arabs, with whose slave-caravans he often marched, walking with the weeping captives, the little boys in slave-sticks, the women who had to abandon their babies. His difficulties grew as his trade goods were used up in buying guides and porters, and when at last he reached Ujiji he found that the supplies sent up by Kirk had been plundered. He was virtually penniless in the centre of Africa but remarked how thankful he was for the little tea and coffee that survived and the flannel for his rheumatism.

For two years he held out in the area, making attempt after attempt to reach the Luapula and Lualaba Rivers, increasingly obsessed that they were the Nile. Finally, he succeeded, only to witness on July 15, 1871 an appalling massacre of women traders by the Arabs at the village of Nyangwe at the edge of the Lualaba. He felt he had been in Hell.

Utterly without medicines, a living skeleton, he trudged slowly back to Ujiji, where he at once wrote 40 letters, none of which got through, to describe the slave-trade. But five days later, on November 10, 1871, he heard that a white man was approaching, saw the Stars and Stripes advancing through the bush, and beheld a young man who walked briskly but deferentially towards him, raised his cap and asked, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" When Livingstone realized what Stanley had brought him in the way of supplies, and after Stanley had told him of the world's admiration of him, he cried, "You have brought new life!"

For Livingstone, "new life" meant the time and strength to continue his quest: Stanley's appearance was a divine dispensation (and so must have been the inspiration of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., owner of the *New York Herald* who sent the journalist forth). He began to write up his journals for the American to take back, recuperated with the aid of Stanley's medicines, delicacies, wines and hip-bath, and then proposed they should together explore Lake Tanganyika.

Livingstone's goal this time was to find a river running out of it which would join with Lake Albert – thus proving that it was a mere link in the Nile network, which originated, he believed, far to the south. Flying the British and American flags the expedition duly set out, overcame native hostility and found that the expected river was there – but flowing *into* the lake. Stanley suggested that Livingstone should return to Zanzibar to prepare for the exploration of the Luapula and thus vindicate his geographical theories, which Stanley accepted from the saintly old man. Livingstone agreed only to accompany Stanley to Unyanyembe on the road back and there to wait until stores could be sent up.

Stanley had become an explorer of a new breed: he organized down to the last eventuality. Livingstone got the stores Stanley had promised with a precision that seemed to reflect on Kirk's unsuccessful efforts: indeed, Livingstone's paranoia broke out afresh in violent diatribes against Kirk for failing him, denouncing him as a "traitor" whom Stanley was expected to expose to the British public. Then Livingstone set off westwards, helped by the disciplined force of porters that Stanley had sent.

Well provisioned, well attended, he plunged into the swamps of Lake Bangweulu, determined to bring off the greatest *coup* of his career. For 18 months he sought his grail, the legendary mountains of Crophi and Mophi from which the Nile was supposed to spring. He became a little sicker, a little weaker as the weeks and months went on. He could not observe the stars to take his position, then he could not walk. He struggled on through the rains, through the spongy ground underfoot. "I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for 8 days," reads one entry.

The last entry in the journals reads: "April 29, 1873: knocked up, quite, and remain – recover – sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." His last words were to his servant Susi, who told him it was three more days' march to the Luapula: "Oh, dear, dear."

His spleen was a knob of blood, his bowels so perforated by dysentery that he could only be carried in fearful pain. On May 1, in a circular mud hut, he took a little camomile tea, struggled to his knees against a crude bed, and died, still dressed in tattered serge jacket and trousers, stained with mud and blood.

He had become perhaps the most eminent and revered person in Great Britain. His discoveries were second to none. He had opened up Africa, he had gone in far deeper and stayed in far longer, reported, observed, mapped and charted far more extensively, than any other explorer; his books, *Missionary Travels* and *Narrative of the Zambesi Expedition* were numbered among the great travel books of the language.

Yet, as a missionary he had failed, for he had turned from teaching to win fame for his travels and exploration. As the liberator of Africa, which excused his ruling passion for discovery, he had failed, for the slave-trade was worse than he had found it and had spread along the routes he pioneered. The Portuguese had outwitted him, the Arabs massacred and enslaved under his eyes. The redemptive mission and colony he had advocated had failed and its pioneers were mostly buried in the bush. As a husband and father he had failed, his wife dead of fever on an expedition he should not have called her to make in her declining years.

And, finally, even as an explorer he had failed: for he had not made that greatest discovery of all, that was to retrieve all, – the discovery of the spot he was sure existed where the Nile rose from four amazing fountains between fabled Crophi and Mophi.

The historic despatch to Lord Russell was already drafted, with gaps left for details: "I have the pleasure of reporting to your Lordship that on the . . . I succeeded at last in reaching four remarkable fountains, each of which, at no great distance off becomes a large river. They rise at the base of a swell of land or earthen mound which can scarcely be called a hill, for it seems only about . . . feet above the general level."

The blanks were never filled in, for Livingstone was, as in saner moments he suspected, in the basin of the Congo and not of the Nile. He had the levels of the Luapula and the lakes all wrong, just as he had had the levels of the Zambezi wrong when he told England that there was an almost canal-smooth river flowing from Quelimane to a verdant, fertile, mineral-rich land in the centre of Africa. And he was 70 miles out in his reckoning of where he was when he died – lost in a swamp that he could have avoided, that indeed he *had* avoided five years before

LIVINGSTONE: A JAUNDICED VIEW

In the decade after Livingstone's death, his much-vaunted deeds began to draw criticism – even humour and malice. In the 1880s an unknown artist painted a series of satirical water-colours, added burlesque captions and bound the collection into a single unpublished volume whose title-page is shown here. It was a savage commentary – written as an "autobiography" under the pseudonym "A.Myth, M.D." – on Livingstone's search for the source of the Nile and its connection, if any, with the Congo River.

With deliberately naïve sketches, crude puns, childish versions of African names and distorted geographical references, the author pilloried the adventure as a never-ending round of ludicrous episodes. Livingstone himself – "Dr. Myth" – was portrayed as a bumbler, unsuitably clad in a red coat and carrying an umbrella.

Two other aspects drew the artist's scorn: the apathy of the Royal Geographical Society towards rumours of the explorer's death, and the sensationalism with which newspapers reported Livingstone's activities. The *New York Herald* was singled out as the worst journalistic offender for its self-satisfied and loudly trumpeted sponsorship of its star reporter, H.M.Stanley, in his mission to find the long-silent Livingstone. Stanley, seen here supervising the hoisting of the American flag, was savagely lampooned.

Since the excerpts from "Myth's" book – reproduced here for the first time – abound with double-meanings an explanatory commentary follows each of the original captions.

"April 1st: Doctor quits Lake Slap Dash Anika at its Northern Extremity and entering the Wishi Washi ascends that River as far as Potti Wotti."

Livingstone inauspiciously chooses April Fool's Day to leave Lake Tanganyika by way of what he thinks is the Nile and lands at a village. In fact, he explored only to the west of Tanganyika, along the Lualaba (the upper Congo), which he did indeed mistake for the Nile.

"Arrived at Potti Wotti, Doctor visits what Pottiwottians assure him is the source of the Wishi Washi, but is convinced this must be the spot reached by Herr Tarry Diddlherr in 1867. Determines to cross Tippi Toppi range and explore the other side. (Bottle has German label, suspects it must therefore be that in R.G.S. map)."

African villagers tell Livingstone that here the Nile has its origin but the Doctor, sceptical, decides that it is only the spot presumed to be the source on the basis of a report made to the Royal Geographical Society by a fictitious German explorer.

"Doctor with boys Mumbo and Jumbo and two hanki panki guides starts up Wishi Washi for Manchew country to visit king Sanguini, who has sent him a most pressing invitation to come and take a chop."

Livingstone and his servants, led by two devious guides, travel to the country of the cannibals to visit their bloodthirsty king.

"Doctor, while fishing for Pickili Wickles below falls of the slope in the Coquilla country, discovers that Puddi Muddi flows into Wishi Washi and not Wishi Washi into Puddi Muddi as suggested by R.G.S. and so marks their map."

Observing a waterfall, Livingstone concludes that the Congo (Puddi-Muddi) flows into the Nile and not the reverse. Neither theory was correct; the rivers are not connected.

"Invited to a grand banquet by the Manchew people, the Doctor makes a preliminary visit to the kitchen – where the 'chef' politely enquires whether he prefers his portion *bien cuite* or done *à l'Anglaise.*

The cannibals prepare their dinner – a white man and two African babies. The cook with an unlikely knowledge of French culinary terms, asks Livingstone whether he prefers dark "well-done" meat, or white meat done rare "in the English style."

"Believing that the Doctor may be in want of supplies, the Geographical Society send out a ship, *The Phantom*. Captain Shade, Commander, arrives at Zanzibar, where Arabs assure the captain of the Doctor's death and buy the cargo – a bargain. The sailors drink the Doctor's health in his own champagne with three cheers for his return."

The R.G.S. sends supplies to Livingstone but the Captain hastily sells the cargo upon hearing a rumour of the Doctor's death. This comment has a sound factual basis: supplies organized by Britain's Consul in Zanzibar were indeed plundered before Livingstone received them.

"The Doctor having waited in vain for the promised supplies from the R.G.S. is suddenly and unexpectedly cheered by the welcome sounds of 'Hail, Columbia' and by the arrival of the 'Bird of Freedom,' bearing on its outstretched wings New England's pride, with help, succour and the star-spangled banner."

Stanley, arriving vaingloriously on a heavily laden American eagle, rescues Livingstone.

"Upon which the R.G.S. gave a dinner and Doctor Speculum gave a speech. Upon the Doctor's health being proposed, he said it was all bosh and useless to send him any more supplies."

R.G.S. Chairman, "Doctor Speculum" – a pun on the Society's self-indulgent, unfounded speculations about Livingstone's situation – determines to leave Livingstone to his fate.

III. Livingstone's Heir

Was Livingstone entirely a failure, even if a magnificent failure? Within a month of his death, Sir Bartle Frere and Sir John Kirk forced the Sultan to renounce the slave-trade and close the slave-market in Zanzibar. But the trade continued, because the Arabs, and notably the great Afro-Arab leader Tippu Tib, began to set up what were virtually independent slave states on the mainland.

Livingstone proved to be right. Only colonization, only imperial troops led by white officers, could extirpate the trade – though for Africans this involved a new kind of servitude. The man who did most to bring about this change in tropical Africa was Henry Morton Stanley.

Stanley's social origins were if possible humbler than Livingstone's. Born in Wales as John Rowlands and rejected by his parents, he was brought up in a harsh and loveless environment where, he said, "I must have been 12 ere I knew a mother was indispensable to every child." Yet by sheer intelligence and inner drive he drew basic education, self-discipline and religious faith from his squalid surroundings. He fled from a brutal school and neglectful home and signed under a brutal and dishonest captain to emigrate to the United States. In New Orleans he was noticed by a kindly American merchant, Henry Morton Stanley, who, touched by the youth's piety, honesty and loneliness, gave him a job; finally, being childless, he adopted him and gave him the name that the boy was later to immortalize. Young Stanley, now with American nationality, traded up and down the Mississippi for two years until the Civil War broke out. By a strange misfortune, he found himself on one side of the firing-line, his adopted father on the opposing side.

His consuming wish was to be reunited with his new family, and he had no loyalties in the war. But when he was accused of cowardice, he joined the Confederates. Taken prisoner, he readily re-enlisted on the Union side to escape the horrors of prison-of-war camp.

Upon his discharge, he found his American parents dead, so he returned to England, poor, sick and shabby, in search of his original family. At his mother's door, he was turned away.

Taking first to the sea and then to journalism, he travelled widely in America and Asia. He made his first spectacular scoop in Abyssinia in 1868 as an employee of the *New York Herald*, by getting news to the *Herald* of Sir Charles Napier's capture of Magdala, three weeks' before Napier's own despatches reached London. As a result of this he received a roving commission from the *Herald*. In 1869 he was recalled to Paris to receive his instructions to find Livingstone.

When Stanley arrived back in Zanzibar in May, 1872, after his search for Livingstone, he was in rags, tortured by dysentery, weighed seven stone, and his black hair streaked with grey. But he had Livingstone's precious letters. He expected acclaim, but when the *Herald* broke the news it was greeted with laughter. Kirk was furious that Livingstone had blamed him for not getting supplies through, and denounced Stanley to the Foreign Office. In Paris, Stanley was fêted, but in London he was first thought an impostor and the Royal Geographical Society derided his claims.

"All the actions of my life . . . have been strongly coloured by the storm of abuse about me then," he wrote later. When recognition came – Queen Victoria herself received him – it was too late to prevent the bitterness of his early years from fusing into permanent resentfulness mixed with an iron resolve to ram triumph in Africa down the throats of the British upper classes.

He continued his meteoric career as a war correspondent until 1874, when he learned of Livingstone's death and felt that his life's real purpose had been revealed to him.

"Poor dear old man! Another sacrifice to Africa," he mournfully wrote in his diary. "His mission, however, must not be allowed to cease. . . . May I be selected to succeed him in opening up Africa to the shining light of Christianity! But not after his method. . . . The selfish, wooden-headed world requires promptings other than the gospel."

With this methodical vow, the work of the most remarkable of the 19th-Century explorers began. In a scant 15 years

Stanley settled the source of the Nile, revealed the whole vast drainage system of the Lualaba-Congo river system, and discovered the Mountains of the Moon north of Lake Edward. And he also brought to the area the light of Christianity, which ended Arab slaving in 1893.

From Livingstone's funeral Stanley went to the Editors of *The Daily Telegraph* and secured their co-operation with Bennett of the *Herald*, to finance an expedition to settle whether Livingstone was right about the Lualaba being the Nile – or whether it was really the Congo.

In England he engaged two boatmen, the brothers Francis and Edward Pocock, and a hotel clerk, Fred Barker, and with them sailed to Zanzibar. There he hired native soldiers and porters to carry his boat, the *Lady Alice*, which could be taken apart and carried in sections. On November 12, 1875 the 365-strong party set out. Thereafter, apart from one message en route the group disappeared for 999 days. On August 9, 1877, Stanley, starved to a near-skeleton, staggered into Boma, a port near the Congo's mouth, with 82 surviving Zanzibaris. The rest had died while fighting natives, of smallpox, malaria, starvation or drowning.

It had been an appalling but immensely informative transcontinental march. The expedition started from Bagamoyo along the traditional caravan-route to Tabora, but turned off it north-west into unknown country. Men went sick and died in dozens. Along the way, Stanley fought several pitched battles with Africans that led to heavy loss of life. These gave him a reputation for ruthlessness and made him a figure permanently hated by the liberals and the Aborigines Protection Society in England. But he could at that stage not retreat: it was either fight for passage and food, or submit to annihilation. By January, 1876, Stanley had lost a quarter of his force, but he went on, engaging replacements as he could.

In February, he reached Lake Victoria, put the *Lady Alice* together and proceeded to circumnavigate the biggest lake in the world after Lake Superior. He had repeated skirmishes with the shore-dwellers and on occasion mounted punitive expeditions against them, using his elephant-rifle to sink their canoes. He was, however, welcomed by Mutesa, Kabaka (King) of Buganda, whose Queen had had a dream foretelling the arrival of a white man in a boat with wings – which was fulfilled when the Buganda war-canoes sighted the *Lady Alice* under sail.

Stanley converted the King to non-denominational Christianity and obtained his permission to send to England for a mission, a call that was in due course answered. Thus he laid the foundations of the future British protectorate in Uganda.

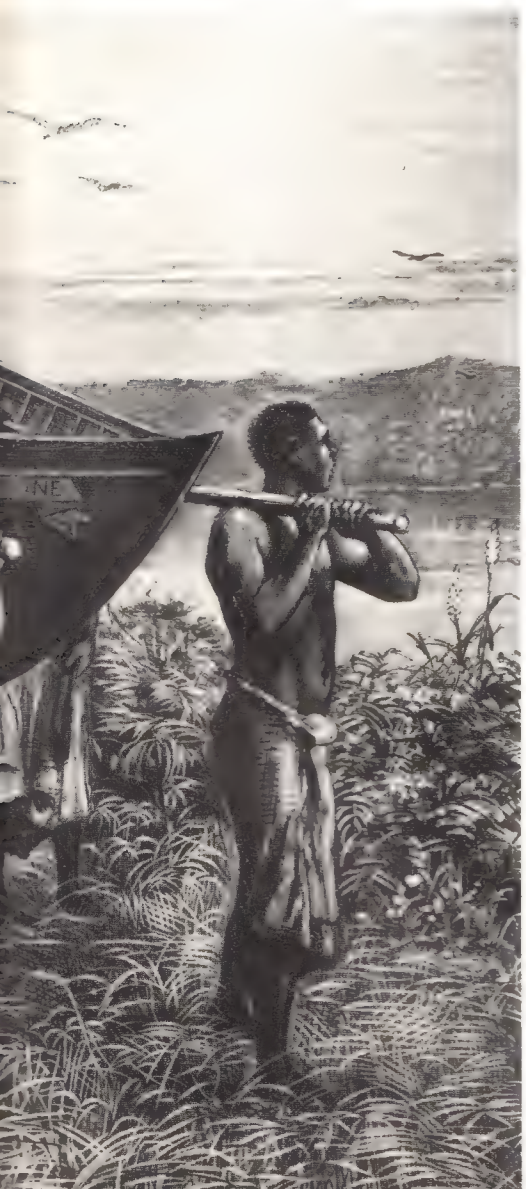
In exchange for an escort to help him reach Lake Albert, Stanley allied himself to Mutesa in his war with a near-by tribe, and indeed constructed a floating fort which carried the day for Mutesa. He then set forth for the lake but got only a glimpse of water, and this proved to be not Albert, but another lake, later named Edward. Local tribesmen forced him to turn back, and he marched south to Lake Tanganyika, which Stanley circumnavigated in the *Lady Alice*, and found it to be the longest lake in the world.

It remained to discover where the Lualaba flowed, and Stanley prepared to do what Livingstone had not dared – to sail down it and see where it flowed into the sea. Livingstone had said ". . . after all it may turn out to be the Congo, and who could risk being put into a cannibal pot and converted into a black man for it?" Stanley did.

At Nyangwe he met Tippu Tib, a strange mixture of refined scholar and brutal slaving-magnate, who was creating a considerable empire in the regions between the lakes and the Lualaba. Tib rather liked white men but wanted no interference with his operations which consisted in raiding African tribes for slaves and ivory; the slaves carried the ivory to the coast where both were sold for arms and ammunition to start the whole process again. Stanley persuaded Tippu Tib to join and strengthen his expedition with 700 armed followers. But when Tib found that they had to fight cannibal tribes almost daily he gave up, exclaiming: "I had no idea there was such a place in the world." Stanley's men wanted to give up too – but he forced them to go on.

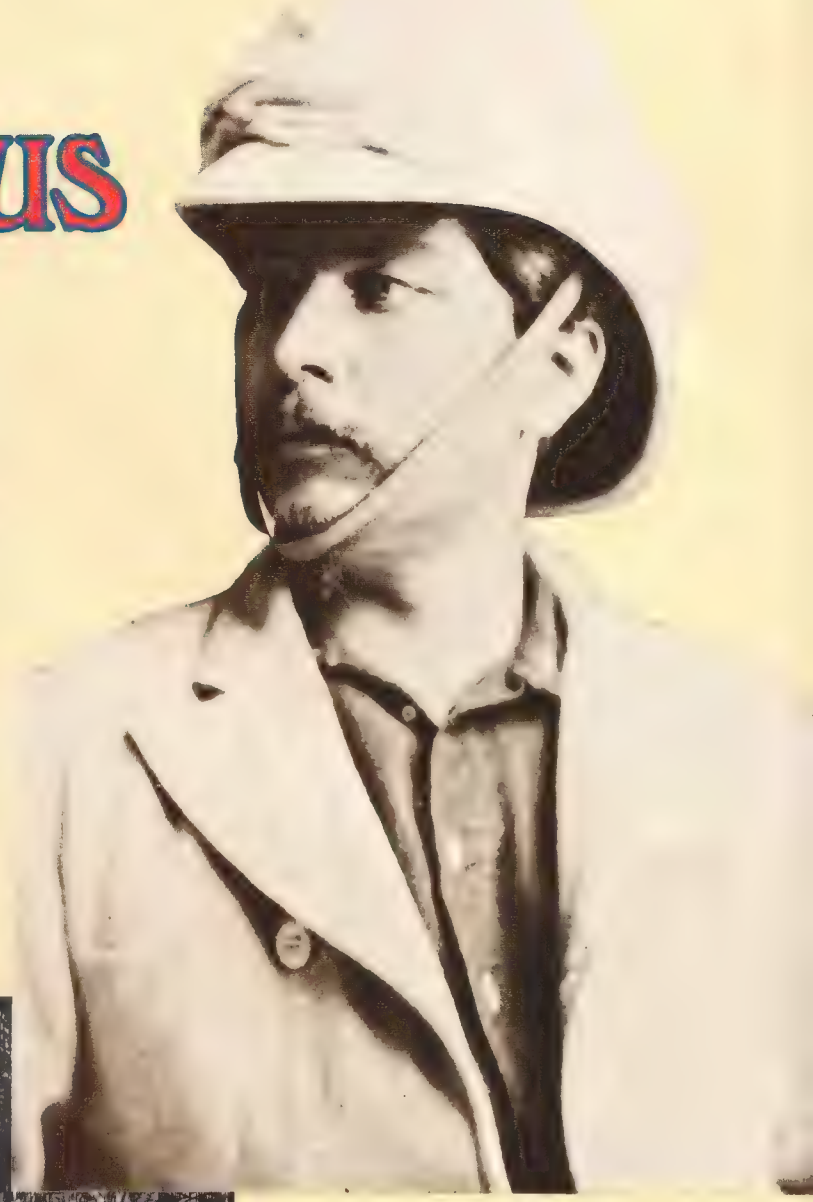
Stanley sailed on, with a shore column captained by Francis Pocock marching along the bank. For almost the whole distance they had to fight, either on the river or on the banks. Presently the river curved westwards and they felt sure it was the Congo. But the force dwindled steadily, from wounds and disease, until it could muster only 48 riflemen. At the cataracts Pocock – last survivor of Stanley's English companions – was drowned and above Livingstone Falls, Stanley abandoned the river and struck inland, desperate for food but assuring his men that the sea lay ahead. They met succour at last. Stanley reached the sea finally at Banana Point at the mouth of the Congo, and thence with 114 survivors sailed to Luanda and back to Zanzibar.

Both Stanley and his chroniclers ran out of superlatives when describing or evaluating this journey. He was even compared to Columbus, for he had opened up to the world a huge new productive territory, the size of Europe, well served by waterways which could be traversed and controlled by steamers once these were launched above the rapids. Stanley began to plan railways and steamer services. The *Daily Telegraph* called Britain to the task of colonization.



For his 1874 expedition, Stanley built two canoes, both of which, like the *Livingstone* (left), were constructed in easily portable sections, and carried on the overland trek by strong native porters. In these craft, he proposed to trace the route of the Congo River.

THE PRESUMPTUOUS MR. STANLEY



Stanley had hoped that his meeting with Livingstone would bring him the fame he desired. But beneath the formal honours given him, he sensed a powerful hostility. Many considered him a presumptuous upstart. Some said his story was a hoax. There was laughter at his pompous language: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" became the comical catch-phrase of the century.

When Livingstone died in 1873, Stanley vowed to complete the old man's task; he sailed in 1874 to lead the dangerous expedition down the Congo which at last brought him the ungrudging admiration he was determined should be given.

Stanley's canoes were carried over a small mountain near the Inkisi Falls on the Congo to avoid the impassable cataract.

Hostile tribesmen made many attacks on Stanley. Once a flotilla of 52 canoes (above), jammed with armed warriors, was beaten off. The closeup (below) shows the feathered crowns and "gleaming white ivory armlets" of the enemies that Stanley repeatedly fought.

A Triumph Long Sought

In 1886, Stanley was asked to lead yet another expedition into Central Africa. He was to rescue Eduard Schnitzer, Governor in the Sudanese province of Equatoria. Schnitzer, a short-sighted German scholar who had turned Muslim and adopted the name Emin, had been cut off by the Dervishes after their recent victory over Gordon at Khartoum.

Stanley's journey up the Congo, a horrific round of sickness and hunger, cost him three-quarters of his 800 men. At one point, he had to leave 50 ulcerous, emaciated men behind at a spot nicknamed "Starvation Camp."

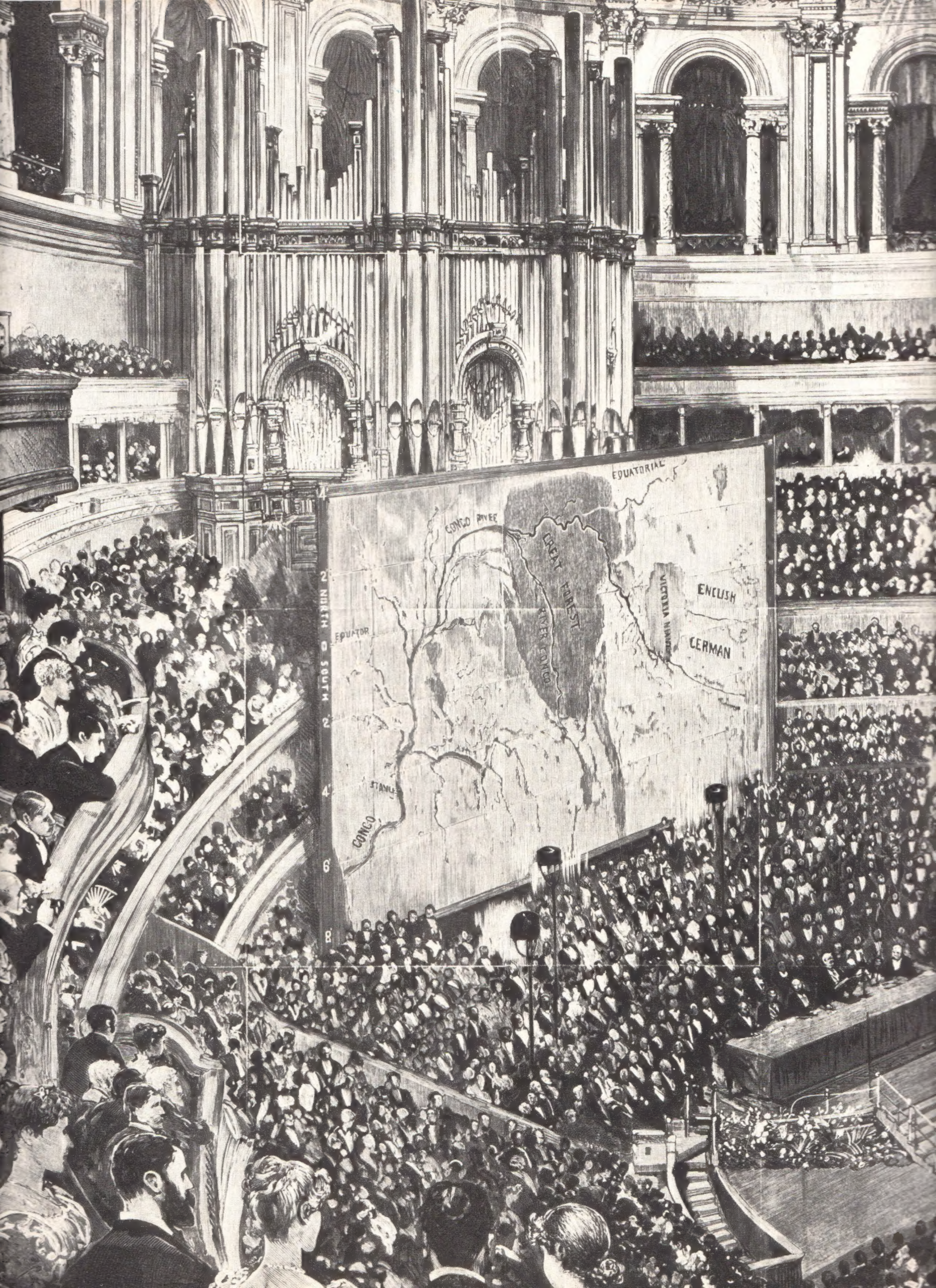
When Emin was found at last in April, 1888, the German was in far better shape than Stanley. Apparently unthreatened by Dervishes, he had no desire to leave. Only after his own troops revolted, six months later, did he agree to go. Stanley, having mustered what remained of his rearguard, led his own and Emin's followers to Zanzibar.

Both men found themselves objects of enormous publicity. Emin, increasingly eccentric, vanished again into the interior, where he was murdered by Arab slavers. In England, Stanley was knighted.

On August 31, 1887, Stanley (in uniform) was portaging his heavy boat when he heard that Emin Pasha had arrived. The story was false: eight months passed before the two met.

Stanley meets Emin Pasha. Contrary to rumours of destitution Emin was dressed "in a well-kept fez and a clean suit of snowy cotton drill."

Stanley, after his triumphant return from Africa in 1889, lectures to "the grandest assembly I ever saw," organized by the Royal Geographical Society at the Albert Hall.


EQUATORIAL
CONGO RIVER
EQUATOR
ENGLISH
GERMAN
CONGO
2 NORTH 0 SOUTH 2
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6
8

IV. Return from Darkest Africa

After returning his veterans to their homes in Zanzibar and writing his famous book *Through the Dark Continent*, Stanley lectured up and down Britain. But once the first burst of applause died down, his reception was cool. Businessmen held back. The liberals accused him of brutality towards his own men and the natives; the ruling classes still thought him a bit of a bounder.

One man had another opinion. King Leopold of the Belgians was seized with the ambition to annex the whole region for his little country, relying on the quarrels of the other powers to get in first. Stanley finally agreed to work for Leopold's International African Association to found a great, internationally administered free state that would end slavery.

From 1879 to 1884 Stanley built the Congo Free State, and did so with incredible toil, using inexperienced European officers. It was then he earned from the Africans his nickname *Bula Matari*, "breaker of rocks." Most significant of all he made treaties with formerly hostile tribes which vested their sovereignty in the International Association without transferring ownership of their land; it was the Belgians who later set Stanley's ideals aside and imposed a ruthless tyranny.

In 1885, when the Berlin Conference gave Leopold virtual sovereignty over the Congo in exchange for a convention guaranteeing human rights and free access to all, Stanley, exhausted, returned to London to record his achievements.

The death that same year of General Gordon, at the hands of the Dervishes in Khartoum, was considered a national disgrace by the British. Soon afterwards, there arrived news that one of Gordon's provincial governors, Emin Pasha, was hard-pressed by Dervish forces and desperate for relief. A committee was formed in London to expunge the disgrace of Gordon, at least to the extent of saving the beleaguered Emin.

Stanley took command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and agreed to go through Leopold's Congo territory, rather than through East Africa, in order to have a secure base on the Congo. Then Stanley had Tippu Tib appointed a Provincial Governor in the Free State in return for his providing an armed escort and porters for the expedition. This arrangement, necessary to the expedition on such a route, outraged the philanthropists at home, and it was impossible for Stanley to disclose his intention to depose Tib afterwards.

On February 24, 1887, the expedition left Zanzibar for the west coast. Stanley had seven British officers, a batman and a doctor, and more than 600 Zanzibari, Sudanese and Somali followers, while Tippu Tib's retinue was 97 strong, including 32 of his wives.

In May, the expedition marched upriver from Vivi on the West coast. The Congo Free State was largely in chaos, so that there was little food to be found on the way. On this, the easiest part of the route, 57 men died. At Yambura, where the easy stage ended, Stanley set up a camp, and divided the expedition into an advance and rear section – the advance section under his leadership to march fast to Emin's relief, the rearguard under Major E. M. Barttelot's command to follow with the rest of the supplies when Tib's porters arrived to strengthen it. Barttelot never moved, because Tib procrastinated, watched rearguard men die, and waited to hear that Stanley had perished in the forest.

Unaware of the disaster behind him, Stanley marched through the great forest; almost every mile brought combat with negroes and pygmies who had come to detest any intruder as a result of Tib's depredations. The path had to be hacked and blazed through a dense undergrowth. The way was booby-trapped with poisoned stakes, and poisoned arrows rained from bowmen in the trees; stragglers were slaughtered in the bush. The boat for Lake Albert had to be left with a guard of 47 sick men, of whom all but five died at the spot named Starvation Camp. When at last they emerged from the high forest into savannah grassland, they still had to fight their way forward. Finally the 200 survivors reached Lake Albert, but there was no sign of Emin.

Stanley settled down to build a fortified camp and, ill himself, sent men back for the boat. But this, it turned out, was unnecessary for Emin arrived soon after. The meeting was a shock to both sides. Emin had been expecting a large well-equipped force; he found a tatterdemalion crew needing rather than bringing help. Stanley found Emin well dressed and his people neat, disciplined and well fed. And there was no imminent threat from the Dervishes who were still far off.

The only question was whether Emin would stay in Equatoria or return with Stanley to Zanzibar. While he hesitated, Stanley toiled back towards his rearguard – and found it starving, sick, dying, Barttelot dead, the other officers scattered. The return to the lake with the survivors cost yet more losses.

At the camp he found Emin faced with a mutiny; this event finally convinced Emin to go back to Zanzibar. On April 10, 1889, 1,500 men, women and children were led by Stanley from Lake Albert towards the coast. On the way Stanley added to his laurels by finding Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon described by Ptolemy. He also made treaties with the chiefs and tribes whose territories he passed through in favour of the British East Africa Company. Thus he extended the all-British "sphere of influence" and forestalled the Germans who were intriguing on the Tana River.

When Stanley arrived in Bagamoyo he was fêted; Emin, on the other hand turned away from his rescuer and joined the German group then occupying Bagomoyo, went back into the interior and in due course died in a quarrel with Arab slavers.

Stanley's reception in Britain after his astounding feat was, as usual, ambiguous. At first he was the lion of every society function and the recipient of degrees and foreign orders; then virulent criticism of his conduct began. It was noted that only a quarter of his original contingent got back to Zanzibar, and the fighting described in his book, *Through Darkest Africa*, was censured. A bitter controversy sprang up over the fate of the rearguard, Stanley blaming Barttelot, and Barttelot's friends joining with Stanley's critics to abuse him.

Stanley's reconciliation with Britain in the years that followed was marked by his happy marriage to an Englishwoman, his re-naturalization as a British subject, election to Parliament, and – at last and very grudgingly – a knighthood. When he died in 1904, his English friends thought he should lie in Westminster Abbey beside Livingstone. The Church of England most emphatically did not. He lies elsewhere, under the inscription *Bula Matari*, plus the one word, "Africa"

Common sailor, Royal Navy 1828

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS: MISSIONARIES & THE EMPIRE